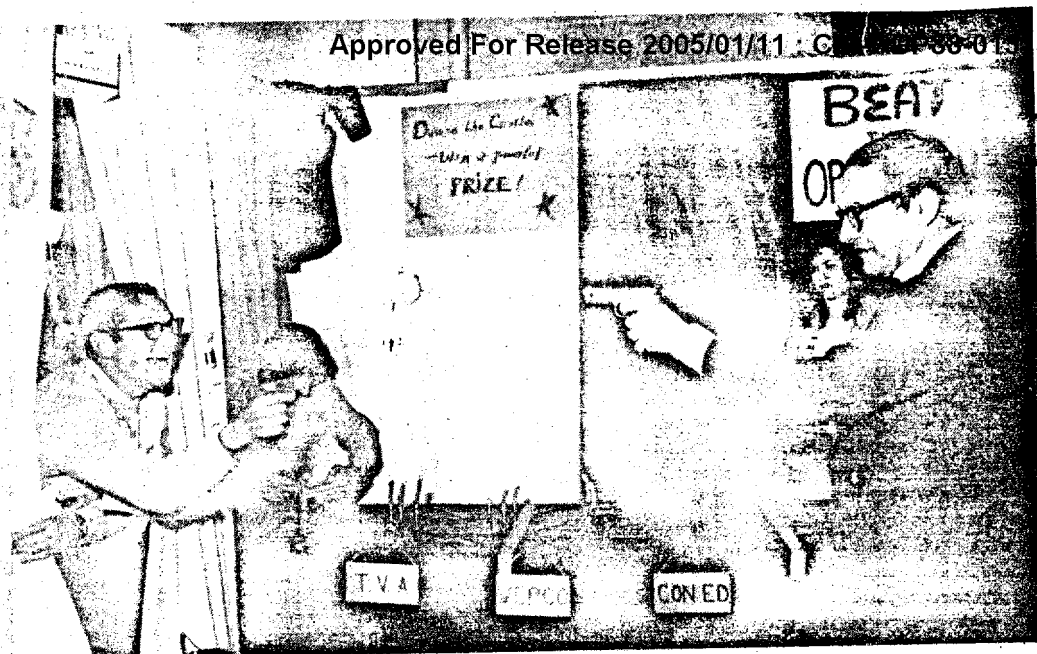


Time

ORGI GRIDIRON CLUB



SIMON &amp; GREENSPAN FACE OFF IN FRONT OF THE ENERGY BOOTH

"Ironically, I never use a baton," mused Maestro **José Serebrier**, who had gone to Mexico City as guest conductor for an Easter music festival. "I decided to use one for this performance because I thought it would help achieve greater musical control." Alas, it was manual control that was lacking when Serebrier stabbed himself through the hand in the midst of his *appassionato* performance. While blood splattered his white shirt, the wounded conductor went right on directing the 150-member chorus and brass-percussion ensemble in Mexican Composer **Rodolfo Halffter's Proclamation for a Poor Easter**. "I managed to get a handkerchief out of my pocket during a brief pause in the music," said Serebrier. "I stuffed it into my hand and made a fist and continued that way for another 20 minutes until the finale." After tetanus shots and a night's rest, he promised to fulfill the rest of his engagements, "but without a baton."

"I want my kids to be athletic," explained Rock Promoter **Bill Graham**. "I want to give an introverted kid the chance to play the tuba or be in the debating club or be a tackle." So to keep an impoverished San Francisco school system from canceling this year's athletic program for lack of money, Graham staged one of the biggest rock concerts since the glory years of Haight-Ashbury. Along with Varsity Stars **Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, The Grateful Dead, Neil Young and Santana**, even **Marlon Brando** showed up at Kezar Stadium to plead for contributions. Last week, just before the musicale got under way, however, Bay Area newspapers disclosed that the board of education had suddenly uncovered \$2.1 million in extra funds. Graham called the concert his "finest hour," temporarily placed \$300,000 in proceeds into a nonprofit corporation bank account, and demanded an explanation by the educators. Grouched Graham: "Obviously there is a lack of administrative ability with the school district personnel."



MITCHELL PLANTS A SMOOCH ON WOODWARD

Five dollars plus expenses bought a prank phone call from **Martha Mitchell** to the victim of your choice. ("Did you know the CIA is investigating you?" she asked one startled Montana resident.) Ms. Editor **Gloria Steinem** turned taxidancer for one \$65 song; off to the side, Washington *Post* Watergate Reporters **Carl Bernstein** and **Bob Woodward** sold phony spy disguises. In the kissing booth, Veteran Socialite **Barbara Howar** demonstrated her wares to Washington *Post* Executive Editor **Benjamin Bradlee**. The occasion: the second annual Counter Gridiron dinner, held to raise money for a journalists' legal-defense fund and the hackles of Washington's venerable, mostly male Gridiron Club. While Treasury Secretary **William Simon** and Economic Adviser **Alan Greenspan** duelled with water guns, dart throwers popped balloons attached to the pictures of Presidential Hopefuls **Ronald Reagan, Mo Udall, Scoop Jackson** and others. ("That's for people who are doing the primaries," said Candidate **Gene McCarthy** loftily.) One of the evening's biggest attractions proved to be the door prize—a cassette tape recording of ex-President **Nixon's** last speeches.

BERNSTEIN MODELS THE LATEST IN CIA ATTIRE

BEN BRADLEE BUSSES BARBARA HOWAR



**Elliot Richardson's** carriage ride to Buckingham Palace to present his credentials to **Queen Elizabeth** was nothing compared to the landslide reception the new Ambassador to Britain received a few days later. On a brief skiing holiday in Austria with his wife **Anne** and his two teen-age children, Richardson, 54, was leading his family down a steep slope near St. Anton when he "felt a powerful blow in my back, as if an-